

## REMORSE IN THE STALLS.

["Acting," it has been humorously said, "is a very real art. It trades with our souls in the art of illusion. In the theatre we can live over again our own lives, suffer even the torments of the damned, and that even after a good dinner and with a motor waiting for us outside."]

"Be sure your sin will find you out!"

Encouraged by this cheerful maxim  
Men watch the tough backslider flout  
The sense of guilt that never racks him,  
Knowing that Nemesis, alive to crime,  
Will get him every time.

But there are moments when a course  
Of crime, at present undetected,  
Visits with pangs of sheer remorse  
A conscience hitherto neglected,  
Strictly compelling one to look aghast  
Upon his lurid past.

Thus at the Play, when I have viewed  
The brave but unsuspecting hero  
Haled off to penal servitude,  
My optimism sinks to zero;  
A pungent sense of long triumphant vice  
O'erwhelms me in a trice.

Ripe with a banquet of the best,  
The price of which is such as few pay,  
And carried hither, nicely dressed,  
Inside a smart electric *coupé*,  
'Twould need, you might suppose, a  
goodish thrust  
To probe one's moral crust.

Others the villain's evil tact  
Revolts perhaps, but hardly saddens,  
Nor calls to mind the painful fact  
That they like me are thorough bad  
uns;  
Their self-complacency requires a far  
More penetrating jar.

With me 'tis otherwise. Though few  
Are pledged so deep to callous knavery,  
I still remain a victim to  
A conscience's uneasy slavery.  
The curtain lifts, and lo! my eyes are wet  
With penitent regret.

I recollect, while still in socks,  
How artfully I broke asunder  
My little sister's money box,  
And purchased sweetmeats with the  
plunder,  
And later, quailing 'neath a father's eye,  
Threw off a whopping lie.

How, when a guileful youth of ten,  
I tied tin cans to poor dumb creatures,  
And tripped up blind and aged men,  
And fashioned booby-traps for teachers.  
These reminiscences obscure my view  
Between acts one and two.

But as the villain's lust for pelf  
Eggs on the miscreant to new ill  
I call to mind how I myself  
Doctored my uncle PETER's gruel,



## A CHECK.

Uncle Frank (who has been twenty-four hours in the house). "HAVE I TOLD YOU THE STORY OF THE RAT AND THE BIRD, DULCIE?"  
Dulcie. "YES; TWICE!"

And put an end to poor Aunt MARY's cares  
By pushing her downstairs.

How, that my guilt might not be plain,  
I strangled JAMES, my uncle's valet,  
And finished off ELIZA JANE,  
The housemaid, with a croquet mallet,  
And sought the boy in buttons with an  
axe,  
And felled him in his tracks.

Trifles like these should not affect  
The torpid core of hardened sinners,  
Who sit in splendid raiment decked,  
And lined inside with heavy dinners;  
Their self-esteem should hardly fall a  
prey  
To any paltry play.

But there it is. I never view  
The Lady CLARA's paroxysms,  
But straightway I am plunged into  
Remorse's uttermost abysses;  
And when Lord ARCHIBALD comes out of  
jail  
I blubber like a whale. AIGOL.

"It is sufficiently unusual to deserve comment that not a single case arising out of the races was brought before the Warwick borough magistrates this week. The credit for this undoubtedly belongs to the police."—*Warwick Advertiser*.

Is this quite kind to a deserving body of men?

## PEERS V. PEOPLE.

*Being a fresh example of the old contest between Ignorance (Peers) and Culture (People); between the Powers of Darkness and the Powers of Light.*

["Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., wished to go to the country to see whether a couple of hundred of very narrow-minded and rather ignorant and entirely antediluvian country gentlemen, and two dozen bishops, who managed to gather up a very large measure of worldly cunning in an odour of sanctified simplicity, were to stand in the way of the expressed wish of the people."—*Press Report of meeting of the National Liberal Federation.*]

"Dr. MACNAMARA has played a conspicuous and honourable part in working for a concordat."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

My Lords, can you have pondered deep enough

What you are in for, you who rashly pit  
Those brains composed of agricultural stuff  
Against the Proletariat's urban wit?

Matching your rustic voice  
With the Elect, the Sacred People's Choice?

Vainly the Titans thought to try their skill  
(Antediluvian bumpkins!) on the gods,  
And vainly you defy the People's Will,  
Plunging against incalculable odds;  
That Will, whose changeless laws  
Stand rigid—like a pendulum at pause.

When those specific mandates shook the land,  
Treating of Plural Voters, Trade Disputes,  
Tariffs and Schools, Slave-drivers on the Rand,  
And Tenants' rights in jam-producing roots—  
Can you have never guessed  
That each of these was made the single test?

Ay! and it spake with no uncertain sound,  
That godlike Voice, immutably sincere;  
Even as of old from out the sky's profound  
Zeus spake in thunderblasts, so came the clear  
And overwhelming sign  
By 51 per cent. to 49!

But you of narrow mind—no scholars you,  
But rather ignorant Etonian bores—  
And these your Bishops—such a worldly crew,  
Doves with the serpent's cunning in their lures—  
How dare you thus oppose  
The pious savants whom the People chose?

My Lords, I note your independent air  
Of men with none to say them Yea or Nay,  
Since no elector's favour sent you there,  
And no man's whim can pluck you thence away;  
Nothing to gain or lose!  
This makes you sadly prone to honest views!

A fatal habit; and I'm sore afraid  
'Twill be your ruin, if you still rebel  
Against the People's verdict as conveyed  
By the Anointed Choice of Camberwell!  
For O, you really are a  
Dreadful offence to Mr. MACNAMARA!

O. S.

ACCORDING to the *Dublin Evening News* the Belfast Tramways manager reported that "the electric cars had conveyed over 10,000 people to the International Ruby match at Balmoral on Saturday. In one hour 12,000 tons weight of passengers had been conveyed to Balmoral." Roughly, this works out at 1 ton, 3 furlongs, 15 gallons, 2 rods, poles or perches, and 8 seconds (Fahrenheit) per man. We have, unfortunately, no data for gauging the value of the ruby.

## THE SADNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(With grateful acknowledgments to P.T.O.)

ARE the Americans a sad people? That is a question to which, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, I have heard different people give different answers. Some of my friends—and their name is legion—insist that I confound sadness with strenuousness. But I can never get rid of the impression of *tristezza* as the dominant mood with which I was brought in contact among the Americans I met in the streets, on the cars, in the elevators, or in roof-gardens. Not that one does not meet an enormous amount of good humour among Americans; indeed they are the second most good-humoured people in the world. Hence to a Galway man accustomed to the gay, insouciant, harum-scarum intercourse of Irish people among themselves, it is like breathing one's native air to hear and to see the way Americans treat each other on the football field and elsewhere.

Still I cling to the conviction that while travelling in America you constantly get a sense of strange and brooding sadness. America, in fact, is the land of the Almighty dolour. And this is doubtless why, in virtue of the eternal law that extremes meet, Americans are so passionately addicted to confectionery. As the Roman poet SOPHOCLES puts it, from the mid fount of sweetness there rises perpetually an *amari aliquid*. Personally I can deeply sympathise with their dualism, because I am saddest when I sing; besides, as a gay insouciant Hibernian I can recognise the truth of Moore's reference to "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye." But I own that it surprised me to find in all classes, all social strata, from log cabin to White House, this pervading and terrific gloom. To descend from generalities to the concrete fact, let me recall an illuminating experience of my recent visit. As I was returning from a superb luncheon given by the *New York Times* Booker Washington Club at Delmonico's, I asked for an evening paper at one of the news-stands. I still behold the young lad at his stand; his manner, his expression haunt me still. I asked the price; he answered me "one cent." This was, I think, sufficiently curt. Even in England, grimy, cruel, and oppressive, but to me inexpressibly dear old England, a normal newsboy would have followed up this answer with a suggestion to take another newspaper. But really what struck my insouciant but sensitive soul was not his laconic utterance so much as the expression of his face and the intonation of the voice. The eyes looked out at me from apparently unfathomable depths of self-abstraction and illimitable woe; and the voice was like the wail of some abysmal despair. That boy-face, with its fine, dark eyes, its olive complexion, its look of reverie, isolation, and despair, seemed to me more like the face of some one of those monks of the East who have so conquered the spirit and become so detached from the realities of this transient world as to suggest already that they have begun their reincarnation into another and happier epoch, nearer to the blessed Nirvana.

It is one of the extraordinary things in America that the natives of other countries become so quickly Americanised. Instances are, I believe, on record of European immigrants who, within two hours of landing at New York for the first time, have, on the sworn testimony of credible witnesses, been admitted to the full privileges of American citizenship. But I prefer to speak of what I have myself seen and felt. Everybody knows what a naturally gay, careless, quick-spoken and amiable being the Irishman is, but the Irishman who has been in America for only six weeks unconsciously adopts that curious, self-absorbed, *morne*, not to say *triste*, manner of the native American. One's physique even changes rapidly, under the tremendous and constant pressure



### HER FIRST JUMP.

[At the recent by-election at Huddersfield, the defeated Labour Candidate was backed by the Suffragettes. It is understood that they propose to take the field against the Liberal Candidate in all future contests.]







### OUR VICES.

"AND WHAT WAS THE COLONEL'S SPEECH LIKE?"

"OH, FLUENT AND ALL THAT. OBVIOUSLY PREPARED. I CALL IT VERY BAD FORM IN A SOLDIER!"

of the most potent of all factors in the environment of the human race—the factor of climate. It was in the ancient State of Massachusetts—sadly perpetuating in its first two syllables the cruel dominance of white over black—that I first experienced this strange and rapid change in physique. A bootblack—a sad-eyed, swarthy-complexioned child recalling in his lineaments the face of SAVONAROLA in early childhood—on my presenting him with the customary *douceur*, remarked, "Thanky, Colonel," and to my amazement I realised that I had lost the mellow brogue and opulent contours of Galway, and was practically indistinguishable from the typical spare-built, alert, yet saturnine American officer. My moustache had completely disappeared, and in place of my unwonted flow of urbane, if otiose, eloquence, I found myself reduced almost entirely to the crisp monosyllables, "yep" and "nope."

But the change was not merely physical. It was psychical as well. In England—dear old tyrannical oppressive England—I never find the slightest difficulty, with or without provocation, in exercising the blessed faculty of unmitigated panegyric. I have never met (or at least written about) an Englishwoman who was not lovely; I have never encountered an Englishman who was not the soul of chivalry and goodness. Imagine then my terrible and soul-shattering predicament on finding the fount of eulogy dried up, the resources of encomium exhausted! And yet there are people who say that there is no tragedy in modern life! Could anything be more tragic than my position when on my introduction to

President ROOSEVELT, instead of saying, "Mr. PRESIDENT, this is the proudest moment of my life," all I could get out was the appallingly curt and jejune greeting, "How do?" The sequel, I may add, was even more distressing, for during the interview Mr. ROOSEVELT, though steeped in strange and brooding sadness, kept up so unintermittent a monologue that I never succeeded in getting in a word edgewise. The ball of repartee, as my dear old friend CHAUNCEY DEPEW once remarked, cannot be kept up without constant repercussion, and I am not exaggerating when I say that it was one of the most painful and unfamiliar experiences in my whole life.

### London to Geneva by Balloon.

"MR. LESLIE BUCKNALL, who left Wandsworth yesterday in his balloon, descended at daybreak at Vivay, near Lake Geneva, having travelled about 420 miles in sixteen hours.

"Result—Surrey 13 points, Midland Counties 8 points."

*Westminster Gazette.*

Nothing is said about the Midland Counties representative; but he probably started from Derby and went about 258 miles.

"Both this year's Oxford Eights are on the light side. With three exceptions only two of the men scale over 12 st."

'Camisia' in "The Sunday Times."

There will be no Acrostic in this week's *Punch*. Readers are invited to send in a solution of the above conundrum.

### A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### *London Theatres.*

ON this subject a word of warning is needful. Do not be misled by the phraseology of the theatrical advertisements. The fact that "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents, &c.," does not mean that there is nothing to pay. Quite the reverse.

If, however, you are very impecunious and still desirous of theatrical entertainment, you have only to watch the police making their arrests. Every woman arrested in London is an actress. Whatever she was before, she becomes an actress by the mere process of apprehension.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### *Politics.*

No visit to London is complete without an hour or two at the Houses of Parliament; but it is not too easy to obtain the right of entry.

Members of Parliament who show visitors over the House are not allowed to take tips, but may be rewarded in kind. A gold-mounted cigarette-holder; a scarf-pin; a match-box; a cigar-case—these are permissible gratuities. A Member of Parliament detected in the act of receiving money is liable to instant dismissal.

Tea on the terrace is sometimes included in the entertainment. An introduction to C.B. as a prominent provincial supporter can be arranged for only on special terms. The usual reward for this honour is an invitation to a big shoot or private theatrical week-end party.

Another special privilege, which however has to be arranged beforehand, is the sight of a Conservative. These once were common enough, but you may now visit the House a dozen times and get no glimpse of one.

The great thing at the House of Lords is to be shown round by the Librarian. Terms on application. Extras include a handshake from Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### *Greenwich.*

A pleasant morning excursion from London takes one to Greenwich (pronounced Grinnidge). The best way in summer is by water, but this necessitates rising at daybreak in order to secure a seat on the County Council steamers.

Greenwich (so called from its white-bait) is chiefly famous for its Observatory, which not only is guilty of the principal astronomical discoveries, but also sets the time for the United Kingdom; contains the oldest men in the world (as all travellers by the Tube lifts can testify); and possesses the best known specimen of the meridian that has ever been kept in captivity. What the bear is to Berne so to Greenwich is its meridian.

The present one, which is still hale and hearty, has been there many years—strong testimony to the healthy air of this Kentish resort. Great care is taken to keep persons from throwing it unsuitable food, and the Meridian House is always strongly guarded. An attempt was made in the last century to obtain another in order that the

### THE MOTOCRAT.

I AM he: goggled and unashamed. Furred also am I, stop-watched and horse-powerful. Millions admit my sway—on both sides of the road. The Plutocrat has money: I have motors. The Democrat has the rates; so have I—two—one for use and one for County Courts. The Autocrat is dead, but I—I increase and multiply. I have taken his place.

I blow my horn and the people scatter. I stand still and everything trembles. I move and kill dogs. I skid and chickens die. I pass swiftly from place to place, and horses bolt in dust storms which cover the land. I make the dust storms. For I am Omnipotent; I make everything. I make dust, I make

smell, I make noise. And I go forward, ever forward, and pass through or over almost everything. "Over or Through" is my motto.

The roads were made for me; years ago they were made. Wise rulers saw me coming and made roads. Now that I am come, they go on making roads—making them up. For I break things. Roads I break and Rules of the Road. Statutory limits were made for me. I break them. I break the dull silence of the country. Sometimes I break down, and thousands flock round me, so that I dislocate the traffic. But I am the Traffic.

I am I and She is She—the Rest get out of the way. Truly, the hand which rules the Motor rocks the World.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

DISCOVERY OF A COMET AT GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

pair might multiply, but it was unsuccessful.

Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, the present chief keeper (who, curiously enough, tells the time by a pocket sundial and a box of matches), is a genial and erudite man, whose favourite reading is *Nancy Noon*. He has a large circle of friends, a strong antipathy to capital punishment for all but those guilty of homicidal crimes, and is famous at Greenwich and Woolwich book-teas for his ingenuity. Long may he wave, is the wish of all who know him.

"'Nix.'—A receipt stamp must be affixed on a person giving a receipt."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"Affixed" is the technical term, Nix; over £2 a postage stamp on the forehead, under £2 a rubber stamp on the back of the neck, of the person giving the receipt.

THE *Liverpool Daily Post*, referring to next year's Golf Championship, says: "JAMES BRAID will doubtless defend his title stoutly, but beyond that a forecast would be premature." Having once really launched out into prophecy the *Daily Post* might as well have gone on. Even as it is, it has altogether overlooked the following possibilities:—

1. That there may be no next year at all.
2. That the present champion may in the interim marry and change his name to ROBINSON.

### A Study in Black and White.

"COAL BUSINESS WANTED; or would entertain good paying Milk Business; not particular to price."—*Evening News*.

What he really wants, of course, is our old *Encyclopædia*.



## IN SOHO.

Waiter (shouting down speaking tube). "LÀ-BAS, UM FOLEEZEMAN, UN!"

## THE LAST DROP.

BARBER, arise! Prepare your keenest blade,  
Bring soap; with clippers and abhorred shears  
Shave me this upper lip! Don't be afraid;  
Come, fellow, why these tears?

You tell me it is beautiful. Nay, nay,  
Old flatterer; these words are kindly meant;  
It has some comeliness (and well it may,  
With all the time I've spent);

Yet, were this growth the noblest of its kind,  
Still would I charge you, on your barberhood,  
Destroy and spare not! And if I don't mind,  
I don't see why you should.

What, must you argue still? Nay, man, I know  
All you would urge; I grant its melting droop,  
Its prodigal luxuriance; but oh,  
Barber, the Soup, the Soup!

It is the Soup. Last night, an honoured guest,  
I sat among the great; Eve's fairest child  
Partnered my honour; I was at my best;  
Sweet heavens, how I smiled!

Perchance I smiled too richly, for it dipped—  
Dipped, Barber—and, as from an o'ercharged squirt,  
A fat, slow, thick pearl, like a pig's tear, dripped  
Slap on my naked shirt.

Barber, just then an angel passed o'erhead;  
The conversation, with a sudden slam,  
Shut up; and (much to my surprise) I said,  
Clear as a lark, "Oh, D—!"

Alas, it rang out like the crack of doom!  
Vainly I strove to bridge it with a cough;  
In vain I sought one friendly soul on whom  
I might have palmed it off;

Warm on my breast men saw that trickling pearl;  
Indeed, my partner's leap into the air  
Was quite enough; (I never liked that girl;  
She had no *savoir faire*).

Crushed, I was crushed. And there among th' elect  
For two good hours, with ice upon my spine,  
I sat, and moaned about the retrospect,  
A death's head at the wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Barber, I place my future in your hand.  
My character is humbled in the dirt;  
That wouldn't matter, but I cannot stand  
Spoiling a brand-new shirt.

Rase me, I pray, this fair but naughty growth;  
For bald-lipped I must issue from these doors;  
To work, stout fellow! You need not be loth!  
It's my moustache, not yours.

DUM-DUM.



# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(Showing how difficult it is, in some offices, to write this sort of article properly.)

HEIGH-HO, Christmas is nearly here again, and once more the great question of what to give to our friends confronts us all, whether we dwell in the lordly castle or in the simple cot. It seems incredible that a whole year has flown since last Christmas!

[EDITOR. Yet it is a fact.

AUTHOR. Thanks, I have a calendar.]

But there is no staying the inexorable hand of Time; and so we cheerfully reconcile ourselves once more to the old round of shopping, and to asking ourselves anxiously as we make each purchase, "Is this quite suited to HARRY?" and, "Will JANE really like that?"

[EDITOR. Who is JANE? I must know.

AUTHOR. Ah!]

Now I have just made a little tour of the West-End shops, and I can confidently say that never, if ever, has there been such a goodly stock of novelties for the connoisseur to choose from. I started by walking down Regent Street, and my first visit was made to—

[EDITOR. Just one moment. Are you being paid for this?

AUTHOR. Hang it all, I hope so.

EDITOR. I mean, by the shop people?

AUTHOR. My dear man, how can you—

EDITOR. Quite so. Only if you mention names it always looks rather—

AUTHOR. I see.]

Here I much admired the old Japanese silver; and for a present to a married woman I can suggest nothing more delightful than—

[EDITOR. Beautiful weather we're having. Are you going away for Christmas?

AUTHOR. I am tarrying for a short interval in the Fen country. Why do you ask?

EDITOR. Oh, I don't know. Let's see, you were just starting a new paragraph?

To those who cannot afford such luxuries as these I can only say, "Stay away, lest you be tempted to spend beyond your pocket. Follow me instead into the commodious premises of Lib—

[EDITOR. H'sh! You were just going to say Lib—

AUTHOR. H'sh! So were you.]

This shop is really too fascinating. I spent hours wandering into their various rooms; and I finally decided that, if I had a sister whose husband was contemplating a shooting tour in the North East Balkans, just the very thing to give him for a Christmas present before he started would be one of those delightful—

[AUTHOR. I say, what are those things called?

EDITOR. What things?

AUTHOR. You know.

EDITOR. Oh, those. Oh, we never mention those.

AUTHOR. I see.]

Of course, there are other things in the shop too—

[EDITOR. Let's let them guess that.]

such as—

[EDITOR. The Fen Country. What do you do there?

AUTHOR. Catch swallow-tail butterflies.]

and those perfectly sweet—

[EDITOR. Yes, I know. But be careful.]

However, having once got you inside, I may safely leave you to make your own selections.

It has been well said that so long as men are men they will smoke, and that, so long as they smoke, one never need be at a loss for something to give them at Christmas. A box of choice cigars, a cigarette-case, even a tin of his favourite mixture—

[EDITOR. "Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, what I call—"

AUTHOR. "Is indeed—"

EDITOR. "And no other." Get on to the next shop.]

Have you seen the new—[EDITOR. Ahem!] that everyone is wearing now-a-days? You will see the sort of thing I mean in PETER—

[EDITOR. Now then!

AUTHOR. You're so'hasty. I was going to say "in Peter's Mother."

EDITOR. I beg your pardon . . . But I don't believe you can see them there.

AUTHOR. When did you go last?

EDITOR. On the first night.

AUTHOR. Ah!]

An always successful present consists of books. In giving books to a friend the great thing is to select them carefully. In doing this you flatter your friend by showing that you have studied and realised his likes and dislikes, and at the same time you do credit to your own judgment. The best way of attaining these two desirable objects is to—

[EDITOR. Steady!

AUTHOR. Hang it, what is the point of the article if I mayn't tell them where to go? Well, look here, may I mention "The Times" Book Club? After all, its one idea is to further the interests of the public, and to stand up for the rights of man. It isn't like a private firm.

EDITOR. You're quite sure of that?

AUTHOR. Quite. Mr. HENRIKER HEATON has said so.

EDITOR. Oh, all right then.]

—is to write to The Times Book Club for "Parcel G." Don't forget. You just

write and say "Dear Sir, I want 'Parcel G' sent down at once, carriage forward. I enclose 11d." Each parcel contains a dozen books or so, but in "Parcel G" you get rather more pages—4,137, I think, to be exact—and 9 ins. by 7 ins., some of them, which is larger than those of its neighbour, "Parcel F."

[AUTHOR. I'm going to stop here. You won't let me mention any of the things I want to, and it's absurd of you to expect an author to turn out his best work like that.

EDITOR. If this is really your best work I shall be only too glad to turn it out.

AUTHOR. If that's funny, I'm sorry. I shall now write you a little poem about the robin. I wasn't going to, but—

EDITOR. No, no, I apologise.]

## A FASHION FORECAST.

["Mark my words, crinolines will come in again."—Mr. Andrew Lang in "The Illustrated London News."]

OBSERVE, no note of indecision

Weakens the force of what he states;

Endowed with more than normal vision

He sees the future's fashion-plates:

The time is near (he thinks), to-morrow

May usher in the fateful morn

When ladies will awake to sorrow,

For crinolines will then be worn!

Ah, what a time of tribulation

Will then come in to disconcert

That large proportion of the nation

Whose habit is to wear a skirt;

For, BETH, though in your Gibson rig

you're

Turning all hearts and heads to-day,

Soon you will find your splendid figure

Is, broadly speaking, thrown away.

Also, I think some small compassion

Should certainly be felt for us;

Think what the advent of this fashion

Will mean to all who use a bus!

What art will soothe the melancholy

Of men upon their homeward ride,

When lovely woman, "hoop'd in folly,"

Insists on squatting eight a side?

The lovelorn swain, upon the Tube route,

Will soon perceive the "little rift,"

When she he worships murmurs "You brute!"

(Colliding with him in the lift);

Or else, his proffered arm refusing,

Because "she hates a clumsy man,"

She'll leave him (like stout CORTEZ)

musing

Upon the pique of MARIAN!

True, Mr. LANG, your words sound solemn,

And yet I wish you would explain

Whether you penned that chatty column

In graver or in lighter vein;

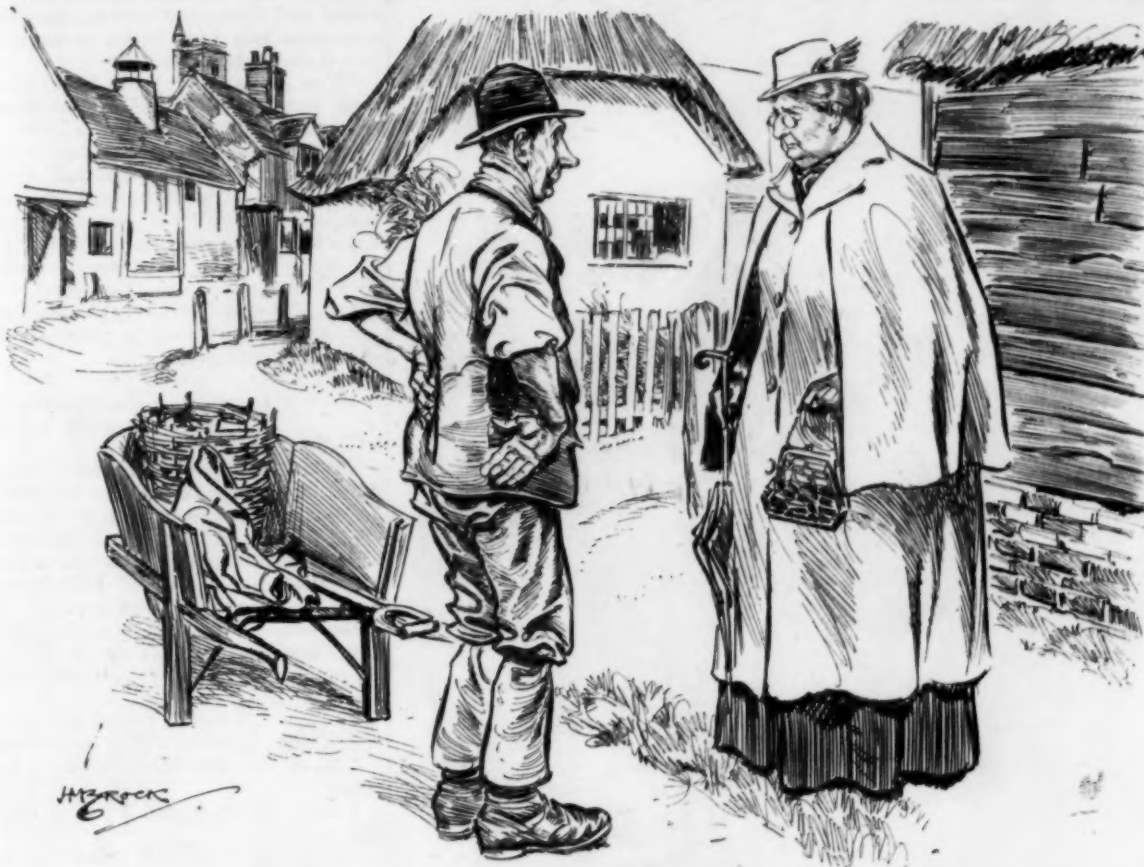
For, though you always write sincerely,

This little doubt my mind assails,

Whether 'tis sober truth or merely

One of your charming fairy tales!





## SELF-HELP.

*The Vicar's Wife.* "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU'RE NOT PAYING INTO OUR COAL CLUB THIS YEAR, GOODENOUGH."

*Goodenough.* "WELL, MUM, YOU SEE—WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS 'ERE. I LIVES RIGHT BE'IND THE COAL YARD NOW!"

## CLOSE TIME FOR OPERATIC HEROINES.

THE final stages of the Italian Opera Season were illumined by the apparition of a new Spanish star in the person of Mlle. MARIA GAY, who was acclaimed with an almost universal chorus of praise. This had the desirable effect of producing a record house at the only subsequent evening performance of *Carmen*. Perhaps the praise had been overdone; certainly I was not alone in being a little disappointed. One had hoped for a more lithe and graceful figure—for qualities which not only make for obvious fascination but serve as a foil to the occasional brutality of *Carmen's* methods. To speak truth, I found the lady too robust; with those stout arms of hers she looked to have nothing to fear from a regiment of soldiers. Her acting in the lighter scenes was full of vital force, of swift intelligence, of daring and original diablerie; but when it came to sterner business she made no great advance upon tradition. In her dances she showed vigour rather than grace.

Her singing, except for its dramatic power, was not very remarkable; one missed the fullness and ease of Madame KIRKBY LUNN's mellow voice. Still, when all is said, she probably came nearer to the real *Carmen* than any actress yet seen upon the operatic stage. But I should still doubt whether she would reach the highest distinction with any character less salient and seizable.

Apart from their failure with *La Gioconda*, which had to be abandoned through the breakdown of Madame NORDICA's health and nerves, the Management is to be congratulated on a brilliant autumn season, which should be a good augury for the coming visit of a German Opera Company who are to hibernate in our midst for four weeks from the middle of January.

There is clearly a growing taste for Musical Tragedy. That its course has been unrelieved during the season just closed is shown in the following tabulated scheme, which embraces the entire autumn programme. It will seem that every opera without exception has been

fatal to its heroine. Not one has survived. On the other hand the heroes, although always in the neighbourhood at the time, have with two exceptions escaped.

Opera.	Mode of heroine's death.
Rigoletto	Killed (knife)
Carmen	Killed (knife)
Adriana Lecouvreur	Killed (poison by post)
La Tosca	Suicide (off high wall)
Fédora	Suicide (poison)
Madama Butterfly	Suicide (hara-kiri)
Aida	Asphyxia
La Bohème	Phthisis
La Traviata	Phthisis
Faust	Exhaustion.

O. S.

"REWARD £5—Lost, 7th inst. Dog, mixed breed, black and tan, short legs, curled up tail; sits up; named Prince; OWNER DISTRESSED; red ribbon on neck."—*Manchester Evening News*.

We feel that we should know the dog in any position, but we cannot quite picture the owner yet, though he seems to have adopted the new mourning. If, however, we find either of them we will take care to communicate at the address mentioned.



SCENE—The Summit of Vesuvius.

American Tourist (to the world at large). "GREAT SNAKES, IT REMINDS ME OF HELL!"  
 English Tourist. "MY DEAR, HOW THESE AMERICANS DO TRAVEL!"

### THE 'BOSTON.'

.... THE band began to play the *Blue Danube* and my partner bowed before me.

"This," he said, "is ours, I think. It is a waltz."

I murmured my thanks for the information.

"You Boston, of course?" said he.

I admitted that I Bostoned.

"Good!" said my partner. "I think it is a charming dance. I learned the step from some very nice Americans that I met this summer at Caux. Are you ready?" A look of tremendous determination came into his face as he gripped me, and we moved off.

"I fancy," said I, "that I am not doing it very well."

"You only need a little practice," he observed, stopping and leaning me up

against the wall. "Take more of a long sliding step, bringing up the second foot behind the first, as in the two-step, only with more of a glide. As the step is in  $\frac{2}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, you want also to watch your time carefully. It isn't *one two three, one two three, one two three*, but *one two three one, two three one two, three one two three*."

"I see," said I. "Shall we go somewhere where it is cooler?"

My second partner wasted no words. He assumed that I Bostoned as a matter of course. I gathered this from the fact that when, after an uneasy half-circuit of the floor, I disengaged my hand from his arm and stepped aside out of danger, he remarked: "You Boston rather differently from some Americans who taught me the step in Nova Zembla last August."

I asked if they were aboriginals.

He looked doubtfully at me for a second and then (after assuring me that they were very nice) began to explain how it should be done.

"You begin," he said, "with the right foot, as in the Military two-step, but you bring your left foot a little in advance at the second step, and then start off with it for the next half-turn. The time is a little difficult to keep, but that is only a matter of practice. You want to come in more on the second of the bar, thus: *one two three, four one two, three four one, two three four*."

I said I would certainly do so, but just now I must have a glass, a full glass, of champagne.

My third partner took the opportunity of giving me some instruction before we began to dance.

"When you Boston," he said, "you count *one two three four five six seven eight nine, one two three four five six seven eight nine*, making one half-turn at four and another at seven. The step itself is a sort of half-sliding polka, half-running sweet-step. It is quite easy. Now—OFF we go. *One two three four five six seven eight*," he counted loudly, his voice rising high above the music.

At "nine" I made a second half-turn, which brought me up sitting on a divan.

"Don't you like the Boston?" he asked.

I said I loved it, but I was so tired this evening.

"I am glad," he said, "that it is to be popular this winter, because some very nice Americans, that were staying in the same hotel with me at Batoum in September, taught it to me, and I feel rather ahead of the other Johnnies, you know."

"What I like about this Boston," said my fourth partner, "is that you don't need to worry about the rotten time or tune, but just go as you please."

With these words he placed me carefully in front of him and ran me backwards violently into a man, whose eye-glass shot out of his eye and crashed to atoms against the unnatural teeth of a lady in black some yards away, who screamed loudly and dragged her partner on to the floor, there to become the nucleus of a pile of bodies which was still increasing when I darted through the door.

"You don't care about it, evidently," said my partner, as he joined me on a sofa. "You should learn it. It's lots of fun."

He explained its attractions to me for the next five minutes, mentioning incidentally that they had danced nothing else all October up at Strathpeffer, where some very nice Americans had introduced it at a shooting lodge.

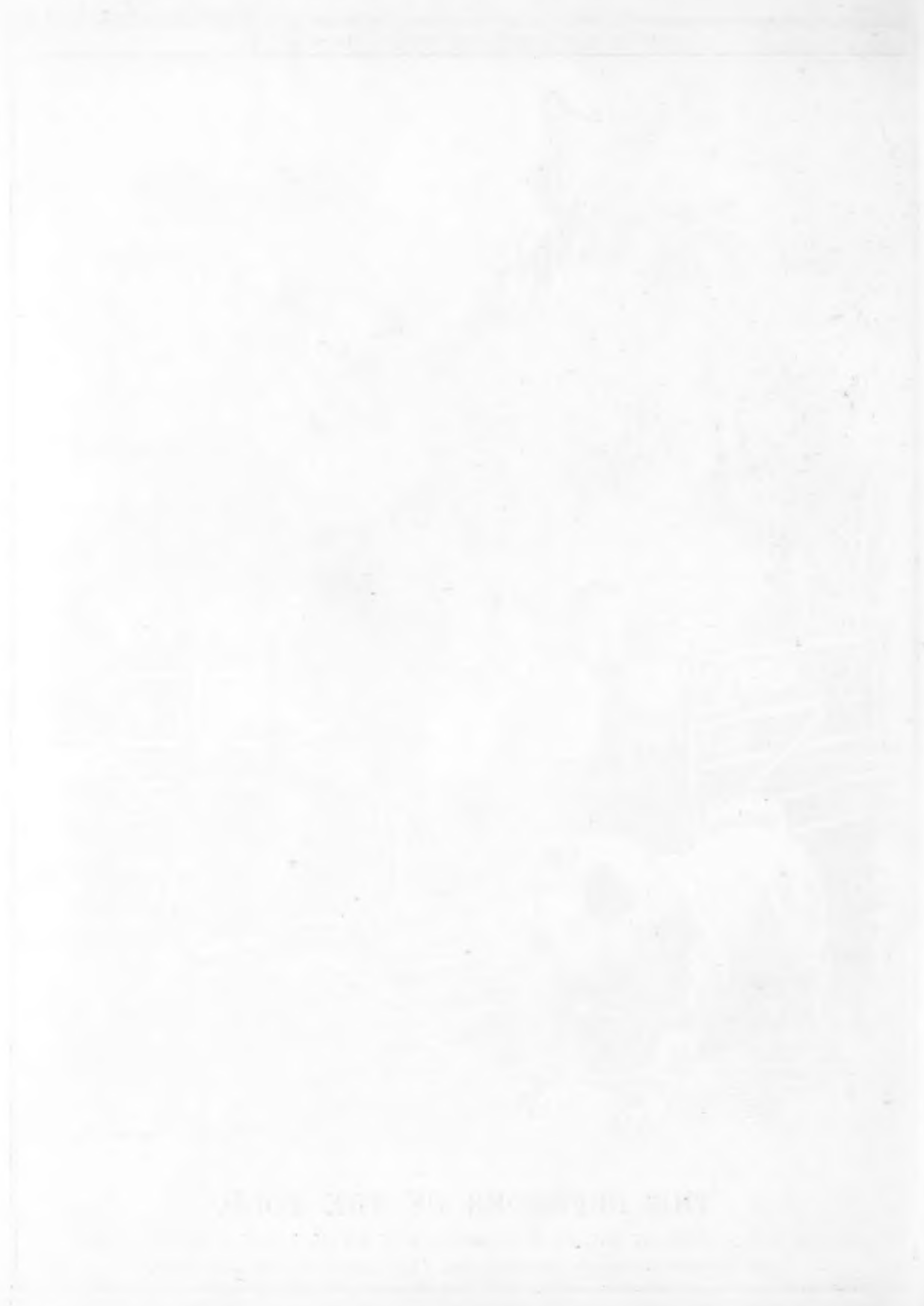


### THE DEFENDER OF THE FOLD.

ARTHUR B. "ONLY OVER MY FALLEN BODY SHALL YOU ASSAIL THESE INNOCENT LAMBS."

[Mr. BALFOUR has undertaken the defence of the House of Lords against Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.]

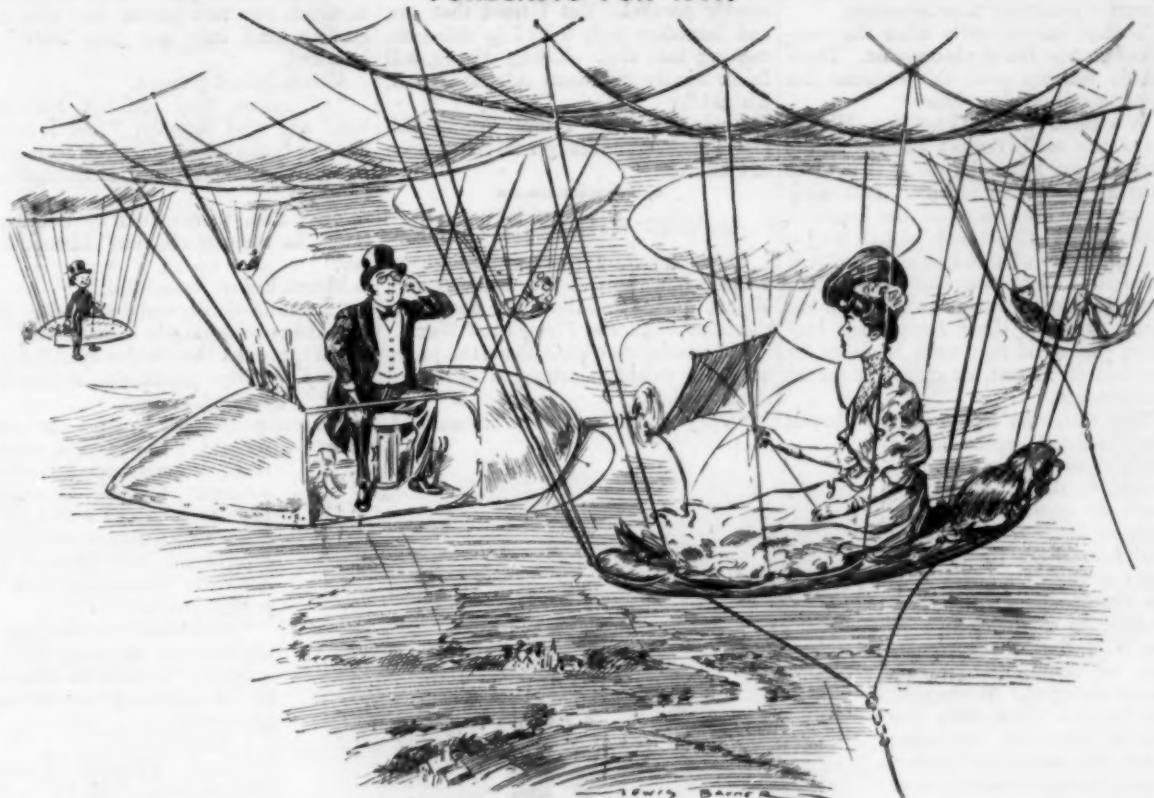




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## FORECASTS FOR 1907.



I.—THE BALLOON REST CURE. THE DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, November 26.*—Thanks to C.-B. the question hour beginning to revive its old delights. It provides an opening for Leader of House to shine with peculiar, at other epochs unattainable, lustre. What House desires above all things is to be amused. Question time is the PREMIER's prime opportunity of serving in that direction.

Certainly the task not difficult. The House almost abjectly grateful for anything that even looks like a joke. The other night, when someone asked HALDANE how many sofas had been supplied to the new War Office and he made emphatic answer, "One sofa has been supplied to the War Office," the roar of laughter that followed was so hearty and prolonged it seemed as if we should never reach the Orders of the Day. It happened that the boisterous appreciation of native humour was a little hard on HALDANE. He hadn't quite finished his joke; was adroitly leading up to climax. The one sofa alluded to was for the use of the Clerks.

"There was," he continued, "a second

sofa provided for the convenience of the lady typists."

Here was humour rich and rare. Unfortunately, the tornado of laughter that greeted the introductory quip still reverberating, the crowning jest was heard by only a few Members. There would certainly have been no business done had it gone round.

C.-B. couldn't compete with this success. There was concatenation of adventitious circumstances, that made the opportunity unique. But he was very good to-night, his points being made in a sort of quiet aside that added to effect.

LONSDALE had spent the midnight oil in preparing a poser. It alleged, on authority of President of Royal Statistical Society, that the minority in present Parliament individually represents more than twice as many electors as do Ministerialists. This one of the oldest chestnuts of political controversy. It was made much of by the Liberals in the last Parliament when, in somewhat aggravated form, the same anomaly presented itself. Nevertheless, looked damaging on the face of it. Some men would have made elaborate reply in endeavour to discredit the President's arithmetic.

All C.-B. said was, "The figures quoted by the hon. Member, which I believe are of a kind not unusual to be produced after a General Election, had escaped my notice."

Later, ASHLEY asked if anything could be done to obviate the scandal of blocking motions? "I am familiar with that scandal," said C.-B., and old Members on both sides chuckled at recollection of the daily practice of Ministerialists in the last Parliament fending off awkward discussions on Tariff Reform and other matters by putting down a blocking motion to the pained indignation of the Opposition.

Thus doth the short answer not only turn away wrath but is more effective than a long one.

*Business done.*—Plural Voting Bill considered on Report.

*Tuesday night.*—Sir JAMES ALFRED JACOBY finds that the heaping up of honours won in a strenuous life is not everything. It seemed but yesterday that, like ALEXANDER, no fresh worlds were left for the trampling of his conquering heel. When a man is Chairman of Kitchen Committee of House of Commons, and has had conferred upon him the dignity of knighthood, the

only drawback to the serenity of life is a certain monotony of satisfaction.

To-day, unexpectedly after the manner of storms, the sky is overcast. Black clouds roll up over the expanse but yesterday of cerulean blue.

It's those pesky Committee Clerks. Sir JAMES really doesn't know what the Constitution is coming to if it is to be thus assailed from outside. Last week it was the Secretaries of the heads of departments discovered seated within the sanctuary of the House. Now it is Committee Clerks wanting to take their lunch or dinner in any one of the dining rooms whither their fancy may lead them, just as if they were Members for the Isle of Thanet, or other influential constituency.

The CHAIRMAN had arranged that if they insisted upon having meals at the House provision should be made. Only they must sit apart at a special table set in a particular room. And here is the thing being made subject of a question in the House, along with others relating to sandwich-men in the West End, the governorship of Natal, and revolutionary refugees. Worse still, the SPEAKER sides with the querist, positively declaring that in this matter the Kitchen Committee have exceeded their functions.

JAMES ALFRED doesn't want to embarrass the Government, who already have House of Lords on their hands. Still a man must consider his own dignity, take thought of the honour of a high office committed to his charge.

"And to think of all I have done for them!" he said, mopping his heated brow. "I feel that if it were only for the shilling dinner I should not have lived in vain. You know it, TOBY, dear boy; it's your favourite function; cut off the joint; gravy lavishly poured out from a ewer; two veg.; pat of butter; a square inch of cheese; celery when going out of season; bread ad libitum; and all for a bob.

"Don't wish to strike a chord too high, but in contemplating this boon I remember ROBERT PEEL's aspiration when the Protectionists turned him out just sixty years ago. 'It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundance of

untaxed food.' Cases of course not exactly parallel. But I trust that now and hereafter daily toilers in this hive, tucking into their shilling dinner, will think kindly of JAMES ALFRED JACOBY, Knight."

*Business done.*—Plural Voting Bill moving along under gentle compulsion of Closure.

### MOVING WITH THE TIMES.

AFTER carefully reading through an article on "Dress at the Motor Show" MURIEL glanced at the latest news from the front about *The Times* Book War.

"If women were publishers, the prices of books would be changed at once," she remarked.

"They would be cheaper?" I hazarded.



ONE WHO KNOWS.

Right Hon. A. J. B. "What! Fly from London to Manchester? Simplest thing in the world! Why, I flew from East Manchester to the City of London myself in next door to no time. Rather think I'll claim the money!"

"They would be priced according to quality, not quantity," replied MURIEL.

"But no one would agree as to the quality," I said.

"All sensible people would," said MURIEL. "Just look at *this*," and she contemptuously indicated a volume which was lying on the table. "They don't marry, and the heroine is crippled by a motor accident. And yet they ask the same price for it as for *this* one which is perfectly *delightful*, and where there are three marriages in the last chapter!" And she smiled reminiscently. "If I were a publisher I would only charge 2s. 6d. for books where they don't marry, or where any of the nice principal characters die. Then, you see, the authors wouldn't let the people die in their books, and everyone would be much happier all round."

"What would you charge for books in which two men are in love with the heroine, and only one gets her?" I inquired.

MURIEL looked pleased.

"Of course they couldn't *both* get her," she said happily, "and I never like the books where the other man goes and marries someone else. Men shouldn't be fickle."

"But then there would be two marriages in the last chapter," I reminded her.

MURIEL looked thoughtful.

"It would all depend," she said. "I should have to read the book to see."

"What about the *Garden of Allah*?" I asked. "What would you charge for that?" MURIEL hesitated.

"It was quite worth 4s. 6d.," she confessed. "But then it would make a precedent for other authors. I think it would have to be issued with a publisher's note that it was quite exceptional and mustn't be imitated. Something like a patent, you know."

"Then about the bindings," she went on, warming to her subject. "I would have books bound according to what was in them."

"Yes?"

"Yes," repeated MURIEL, with decision. "All the books that end well should be bound in bright red and gold. Books like *The Angel of Pain* or *The Image in the Sand* should be in black and silver—kind of half-mourning—to show that someone nice, but not the hero or the heroine, dies in them; but if either the hero or heroine dies, the whole book would have to be bound in plain black. Just think how it would simplify matters when one was choosing a book at the library!"

"But you have only mentioned novels,"

"Oh, you can work it out for yourself," she said, as she pushed the latest *Times* circular between the bars of the cockatoo's cage, where it was received with flattering eagerness.

"Then biographies would be—?"

"One shilling net, in dark brown."

"But they wouldn't pay," I said.

"Well, they needn't be written," she said.

ACCORDING to *The Daily News*, nearly five and a half thousand persons at Huddersfield "declared for Mr. WILLIAMS' monosyllabic programme 'Abolition.'" (The others, however, declared for Mr. WILLIAMS' own abolition.) In Liberal circles the monosyllabic "Anti-denominationalism," is much worn just now.



### THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

DEAREST, to run some fad to death  
Would seem to be your one ambition,  
And I am somewhat out of breath  
In keeping pace with each transition.  
Your Bridge was but a passing craze;  
It ceased to be your occupation  
Ere I could find a fitting phrase  
In which to make my declaration.

Nought but your motor now would serve,  
And much I feared your end was  
nearing,  
Despite your most undoubted nerve  
And more or less accomplished steering.  
I hate mechanical affairs,  
And loathed to see this fury seize you,  
Yet learned to do my own repairs,  
Hoping my skill perchance would  
please you.

But no, I found you now intent  
Upon some strange new-fangled  
preaching,  
Not very obviously meant  
To be Platonic in its teaching.  
I took the course, though sadly galled  
(Since lectures are my pet aversion),  
To find your latest fad had palled,  
And you had made a fresh excursion.

I saw you driving off the tee,  
But could I ask you then to love me?  
Alas, 'twas all too plain to see  
Your form was hopelessly above me.  
Yet, though you left me in the lurch,  
I found you, when your zeal abated,  
A lovely penitent in church,  
Where all your sins were flagellated.

At last, I thought, my way was clear;  
Your love of change was surely  
waning;

But now, oh bitter news, I hear  
That you have started aeroplaning.  
You covet that ten thousand prize,  
But here the last fond strand you  
sever

Since, skimming gaily through the skies,  
You will be flightier than ever.

### LITERARY QUERIES.

In several magazines I have observed  
a notice to contributors, asking them "to  
write on one side of the paper only."  
Can anyone tell me *which* side it is that  
editors prefer?—NOVICE.

I am thinking of giving the postman  
a little gift book this year, instead of the  
conventional monetary offering. Would  
*The Life of Knox* be inappropriate?  
AUNT KATE.

In the opening chapters of a recent  
novel called *The Duchess and Some  
Diamonds* I came across the following  
sentence:—"Sir Ralph bit his lip till the



### POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

#### No. IV.—DAY-DREAMS.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS QUITE RECENTLY TAKEN A TOSS.

blood came again." I should like to know to what story this is a sequel, as this is the first and only biting episode in the present volume.

#### CONSTANT (NOVEL) READER.

My little girl (aged seven and a half) has just written her first story. How am I to prevent *The Times* Book Club getting hold of it and so damaging its sale?—ANXIOUS PARENT.

I am very interested in old clocks, of which I have a large collection. Has any reader heard of a book called *Tales*

of a *Grandfather*, which seems to bear upon my hobby?—CHIMES.

I was suddenly asked the other day if the Britannia buses ran to "The Napoleon" (of Notting Hill) immortalised by DICKENS in *David Chesterfield*? I didn't know *what* to say. Is there any answer?  
SLIGHTLY MIXED.

"If Boy who found Silver Flask outside —'s shop will return the Manager at —'s he will be rewarded."—*Liverpool Echo*.

AND we shall have solved the mystery of the Man in the Silver Flask.

### A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

HALF-A-DOZEN crude chalk pictures were ranged against the railing that fenced the demure sanctity of the Square garden from an inferior outer world. A placard announced with a certain stern insistence, "Entirely my own work . . . ." as though there were many possible pretenders to the honour. The pictures were all portraits, and with a little thought each might be recognised. Besides, each was labelled.

They were pictures of great men.—Mr. KEIR HARDIE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and others even greater. Really Great Men, you know, men at thought of whose Greatness a lump comes to the throat and a swelling to the heart. Really Great Men—our Rulers. And as I looked at them with eyes suffused with love and loyalty, the artist spoke.

"I 'ates 'em," he said ferociously, "I 'ates 'em one and all!"

He was a little old man, very crippled and bent and twisted. His eyes were bright, his long tangled hair was a flaming red toned down by flecks of white, and his long chin refused to be unnoticed. He crouched upon an old great coat with a box of broken chalks to his hand, and as I looked at him, betwixt wonder and horror at his profanity, he said again, "I 'ates 'em!"

We were alone together in the grey of a late autumn afternoon.

"You are, perhaps, a Tory," I said with respectful sympathy. I thought that here, perhaps, was a fiery spirit compelled, by hunger and the People's Mandate, to swallow his convictions.

For myself, I am a hero-worshipper rather than a politician.

"No, I ain't," he retorted; "I 'ates them Tories just the same. CHAMBERLAIN, BALFOUR, the Dook and 'im they calls C.-B., I ranks 'em all together in me own mind. If I 'ad my way they should be put together into a sack and drowned!"

I felt that there might be friction in that sack ere Peace ensued, but I repressed my thoughts. This was a man with whom one might not be flippant.

"Then what," I asked, "are your convictions? Whom, if I may ask, do you admire?"

"Not one of 'em, nary one of them

politicians," he answered with the same fierce earnestness. "What 'ave they done for you, or me, or even for that interfering copper at the corner? Why, they ain't there to do nothink for us! They're there for their own 'ealth entirely. Some on 'em to please their lady wives, some on 'em for money, some on 'em to get their names in print, and some on 'em just to 'ear themselves speak. And we stands by and lets 'em! Sometimes, as I sits 'ere all day a-thinking, I could take my bit of chalk and write under them pictures essackly what I thinks! Ay, and it would do 'em good to read it, too!"

Involuntarily I shuddered. This old man with his fervour was rather terrible.

tion of our country. "Tell me, then, with what system you would replace it."

For a space he did not answer me; for a space he smoked and expectorated in silence. I watched him with a certain awe. The grey of the twilight was deepening around us. The policeman at the corner was visibly suspicious.

"I'd keep the KING," my oracle said at last. "'E seems to be as nice and kindly a genelman as ever walked. I seed 'im once, but I dunno that 'e seed me. Never mind; I'd keep 'im. And I'd give 'im men to 'elp 'im with their advice 'oo wouldn't 'ave nothink to gain by anythink they told 'im."

"Whom would you then select?" I asked him with a certain breathlessness.

He puffed thoughtfully at his suffocating pipe; I think it is possible that my respectful interest pleased him.

"I'd find a dozen men for 'im," he said. "Only a dozen; woddoyer want with six 'undred? A dozen decent men like meself, 'oom I could lay 'and on to-morrow, 'oo've knowed cold and clemming and the wet of the streets. And I'd put us twelve to live for the rest of our lives in a decent quiet 'ouse, with fires allus going and good blankets on the beds. And there should be one special large room, with tables and a nice sandy floor. And we'd meet in there, once a day per'aps, with our pipes and a pint o' beer before us, and the KING should come along and just lay anythink that puzzled

'im before us. And we'd sit there, quiet and decent, and do what we could to 'elp 'is Majesty."

He looked up at me with shining eyes—quite pleased. Like a child who has described some wonderful plan to you, which has been quite real to him as he spoke. But the policeman was coming definitely towards us now. I fancy he had made up his mind that we were planning a burglary. The old man saw him coming, and shivered a little.

"But, Lord love us, it'll 'ardly be in my time," he said. "It's a cold, cold evening. And winter's coming."

He peered through the chill twilight, and all the brightness had faded from his eyes.

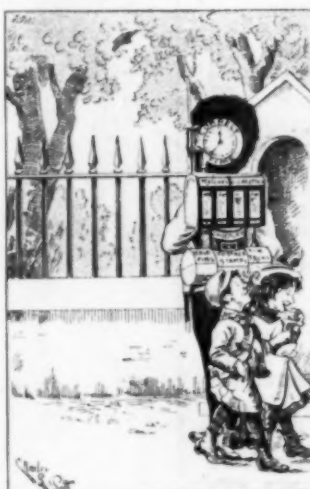
Into his cap I dropped something—a sadly paltry solace for the hopelessness of his Idea; and so left him to his portraits of men as they are and his visions of Life as he would have it to be.

### WHY REDUCE THE ARMY?

*A Suggestion to Mr. Haldane.*



If a penny is deposited in the slot, as above, the Sentry will immediately "about turn," and the B.P. will get what they require. By this means each Regiment should, in time, become self-supporting, and so effect another of those little economies we hear so much about just now!



The pillars of my world were shivering about me.

"They talks about abolishing the Lords," he resumed in a musing voice. "Well and good, I ses, but why stop at the Lords? What about the Commons?"

For a moment his daring words came near to stunning me. I know not what I should have said, but by some chance my trembling fingers touched my pouch, and I held it out to this iconoclast. He softened visibly as he produced a dreadful pipe.

"Ah!" he said as he crammed it. "You're one of them as understands a thinking man." His eyes were far away in the great spaces.

"Tell me, I beg of you," I said respectfully, "tell me something of your scheme of reform. You have, doubtless after careful thought, destroyed the Constitu-

## CHARIVARIA.

MERCHANTS and manufacturers all over the country report a trade boom. This bears out the prophecy made by so many persons that things would improve after the South African War.

We know no finer example of the humility of true greatness than Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's resolve to submit himself to the suffrages of the populace for election to the L.C.C.

Mrs. SIETSON, a prominent Christian Scientist, declares that Mrs. EDDY will probably never die. We hear that the use of the half-sceptical word "probably" has given offence in some quarters.

Dr. STÜBEL, the German Minister at Christiania, is in disgrace for having omitted to hand 400 telegrams to his Royal Master. The KAISER's fondness for telegrams is so well known that the Minister's carelessness is almost incredible.

Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE, Lord ROSEBURY's second son, has been bequeathed a sum of £150,000 with the idea that he should devote himself to a political career. Another eligible bachelor, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, has pronounced himself in favour of votes for women, and is already a little nervous as to the results which may follow this declaration. We venture to warn Mr. PRIMROSE against this dangerous course.

It is to be hoped that the angry feelings engendered by the Soap strife will now gradually subside, but it is rumoured that a member of one of the firms of the late "Trust," on being asked, the other day, why he did not advertise in *The Daily Mail*, answered, "What's the good of advertising in papers whose readers don't use soap?" This, of course, was mere petulance.

Yet another combine! It is rumoured that the Shakespearians and the Baconians are about to join forces in order to fight the upstart RUTLAND.

We are authorised to deny the report that Mr. HALL CAINE has been driven almost mad by the discovery that Miss MARIE CORELLI bears an extraordinary resemblance to ROGER, Earl of RUTLAND.

For the rest, Mr. CAINE is of the opinion that Dr. BLEIBTREU's assertion that SHAKESPEARE was nothing more than a drunken and dissolute actor becomes palpably absurd to anyone who is familiar with the bard's lofty countenance.

The latest flying-machine is shaped like a butterfly. Experiments show that



"FUMEUR, M'SIEUR?"  
"NONG, NONG—PARIS!"

it will not rise, but it is much prettier than the other sorts.

What's in a name? A Vanguard omnibus pushed a van through the window of a milliner's shop last week.

A new race who had never seen white men before has been discovered on Prince Albert Land. Advertisements of *The Times* Book Club, *The Times* Registry Office, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are about to be despatched.

Certain persons contend that modern books cost too much. They are, anyhow, not so dear as ancient ones. Last week the purchaser of a little Caxton volume which contained only 214 leaves had to pay £490 for it.

Prince JOACHIM ALBRECHT has started

on his journey to Africa, whither he has been sent to fight the Herreros because he wanted to marry the actress MARIE SULZER. Special police precautions are being taken to prevent the Prince meeting this lady, and all *vivandières* are being carefully scrutinised.

Two interesting Natural History items are published this week. A new animal has been discovered in Thibet; and an inhabitant of Tunbridge Wells claims to have the biggest beard in Europe—it is 15 feet long, and he winds it round his body.

A piece of old Dresden china only eleven inches in height, representing a lady and two pug dogs, has been sold by auction for £1,050, and pug-dogs, who have always been conceited, are now becoming unbearable.



### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN editing the *Letters of the Earl of Lytton* (LONGMANS) Lady BETTY BALFOUR disclaims pretension of presenting a complete biography of her father. As she reminds us, an account of his Indian administration, the most important public work of his life, compiled from official letters and despatches, has already been published. Nevertheless, we have here biography in its highest form, the private letters of a man of striking individuality strung together by a brief but lucid narrative of the principal events of his career. The Earl of LYTTON was a voluminous letter-writer. He thoroughly enjoyed the pastime, sparing no pains in its pursuit. Some of his letters to his father run the length and take the rank of essays, chiefly on literary topics, exceeding in profundity of knowledge and polish of style the average magazine article. He was fond of talking about himself, examining his motives, exposing his sentiments, and narrating the incidents of his daily life. This habitude makes the book almost an autobiography. It dates back to his school days at Harrow, finishing at the Embassy in Paris, whither he repaired at the close of his momentous reign in India. When he touches current politics, as he most frequently does during his prentice days as he moves from Embassy to Embassy through the Courts of Europe, he displays an insight which, in one so young, was marvellous.

Incidentally he draws a vivid portrait of his father. He probably would have been surprised and pained to know what impression it would have on the mind of the dispassionate reader. His love for his father was womanly in its passion and tenderness. To him he was "one of the noblest representatives of the highest type of England's greatest men." Three days after the first Lord LYTTON's death he wrote to JOHN FORSTER, "Each hour brings forth some overwhelming discovery of the nobleness, tenderness, generosity and exquisite beauty of my dear father's peerless nature." Yet the correspondence reveals the novelist as a selfish man of hard, exacting nature, who went near to crushing the fine flower of his son's acute sensibility. As genius developed, and there was prospect of its bringing credit on the family name, his manner mellowed. But by that time ROBERT LYTTON could do without help and encouragement, which, as Dr. JOHNSON wrote to his tardy patron, "had it been early had been kind." Lady BETTY BALFOUR inherits the literary talent of her father and grandfather. Her delicate work is accomplished with perfect taste, unerring judgment, and a skill that conceals its inherent difficulty.

Mr. H. T. SHERINGHAM, the fishing editor of *The Field*, and Mr. NEVILL MEAKIN, the author of that bloodthirsty

but fine novel *The Assassins*, have combined to write *The Enemy's Camp*; which Mr. MACMILLAN, however, has published quite by himself. I imagine that, when Mr. SHERINGHAM wanted to put in something technical on casts, Mr. MEAKIN threatened him with a corpse or two, and that in this way the balance was held between them. The result makes very pleasant reading. There is not too much to laugh at, but plenty to smile at; a fund of fresh-air humour in every chapter. The Gladstone Bag motif, which runs through the book, is an inspiration. Charles, the aristocrat of the little company of friends who are camping out up the river, has with him a bag full of splendid clothes. The rule of the camp being "no collars and no razors," the bag is taken away from him and hidden. Without heat and without reproach, Charles spends the rest of the book looking for his clothes; what time the others of the party are enjoying the society of the ladies in the rival camp. If you would discover how at last he found them, you must read on till page 342. You will not be bored on the way.



"TOO MUCH HOME WORK."

(See "Daily Mail" Correspondence.)

In *Green Fields* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) consists, ostensibly, of a series of letters written by a London journalist who buys an old house and estate in the country, and runs it on the principle that the land affords ample means of livelihood for its inhabitants. Having read it, I find myself wondering (1) whether Mr. OSWALD CRAWFORD, the author, is a Socialist with imperialistic leanings, or is merely trying to preach a back-to-the-land gospel—a compromise between the systems of TOLSTOY and the week-end cottage; (2) whether any of it really happened; and (3) whether he will get the very large number of readers he deserves.

As for (1), I give it up.

As for (2), I have my doubts. Thus, I am dubious (though I like him) of the gardener who accepts hints from BACON's *Essays*, which the

journalist reads aloud to him while he works.

As for (3), I have hopes, for the book contains much interesting natural history, and the persons who flit about the slender line of narrative are, despite the improbability of their co-existence in one place, all very real and pleasant companions.

We have received the following note from a gentleman who offers to review for us (if we will send it him) a book just published by Mr. MURRAY, entitled "*Pogroms: their Origin and Management*." "The Pogrom," he says, "is a sort of cross between the Pug and the Pomeranian, and is one of the most fashionable pets in Society at the present day. In that part of the book devoted to its management, I expect to find many useful hints as to its food, ailments, and so forth. The Pogrom is devoted to children, and this book should be a highly popular present with our young friends at Christmas." We have decided to decline our correspondent's sporting offer.